

Hurt

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Summary: Just a little songfic I wrote both on the Chief's love for Cortana and hatred of the Covenant, featuring Hurt by none other than Johnny Cash not all of the song. Master ChiefxCortana. Oneshot.

Hurt

****Hurt****

John, Spartan 117, grasped the dying Elite's neck and ignited the energy sword. He thrust the white-hot plasma into it's breast and watched life leave it's eyes, replaced by pain. John watched it's the death until there was nothing to watch. When had it come to this? When had the desire to kill become more important than his team, his orders, even death itself? He suddenly wanted to talk to Cortana, so badly, but didn't.

I hurt myself today

to see if I still feel

I focus on the pain

the only thing that's real

Then he remembered. Cortana wasn't here. She was on-High Charity? What? How could he suddenly forget all this?

the needle tears a hole

the old familiar sting

try to kill it all away

but I remember everything

The Cheif gazed up at the night sky. The Milky-Way seemed to stretch forever. He knew that somewhere in that forever, Cortana waited and listened. Waiting for any sign of him. But he didn't deserve her, not anymore.

what have I become?

my sweetest friend

everyone I know

goes away in the end

John sighed wistfully. He knew that he would give evrything to see her again...he loved her, after all. But no amount of self-sacrifice was going to bring her back. But even if he could, things would get in the way, like they always did. He knew he'd screw up again. But he just wanted to have her by his side, if only for a moment. Hear her perfect voice, gaze at that perfect body...

and you could have it all

my empire of dirt

I will let you down

I will make you hurt

End
file.